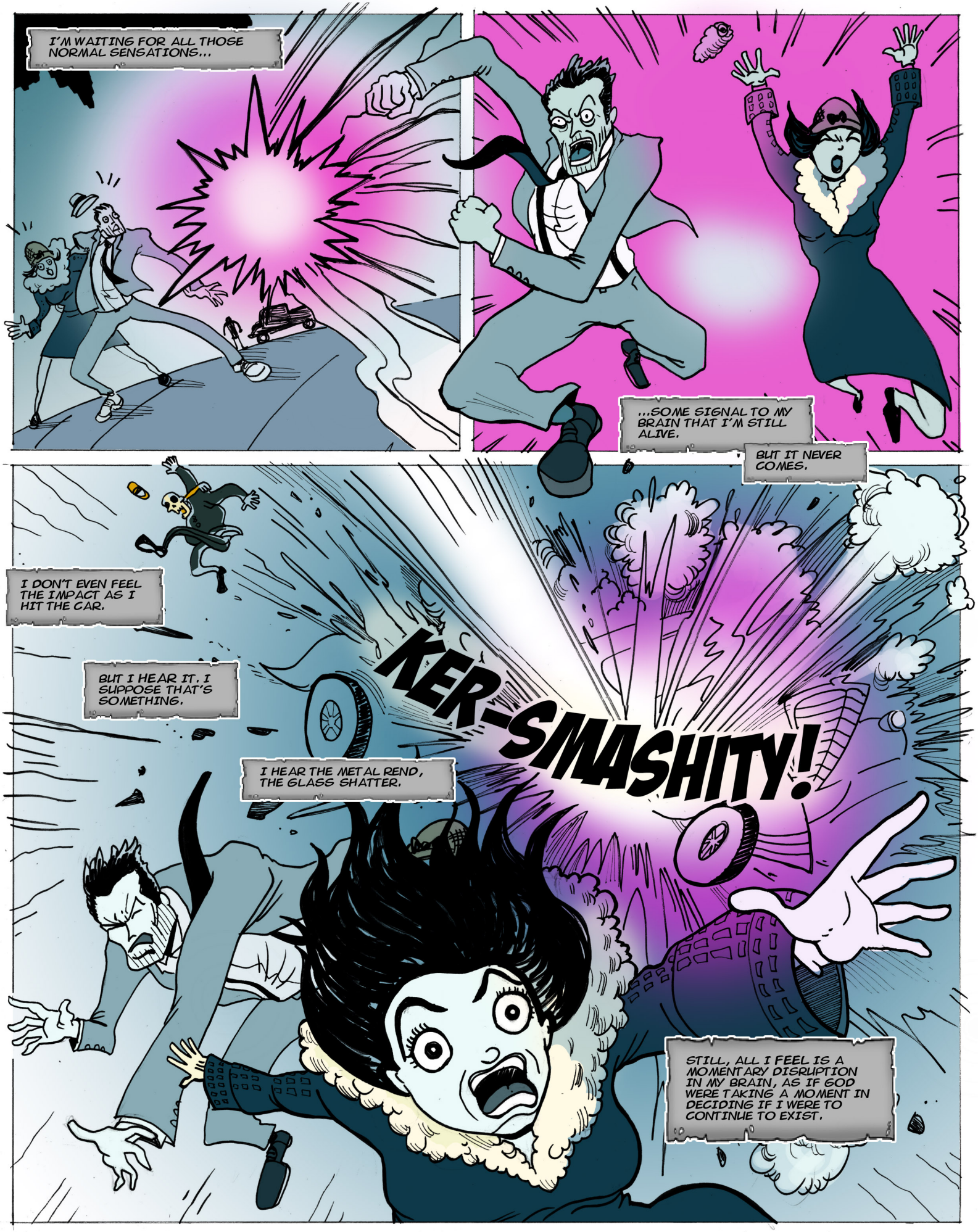
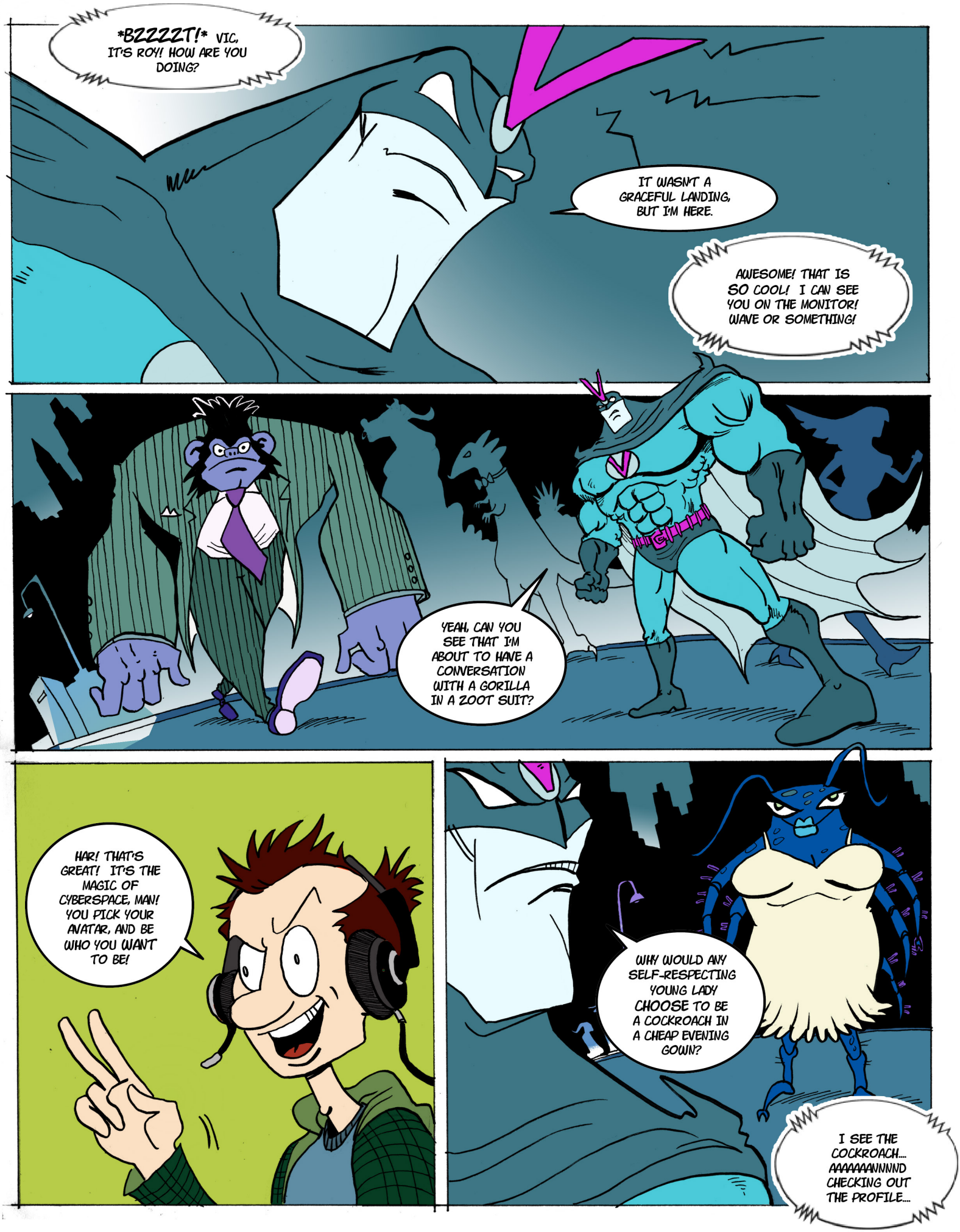
HERO ACTION PERSONS #2

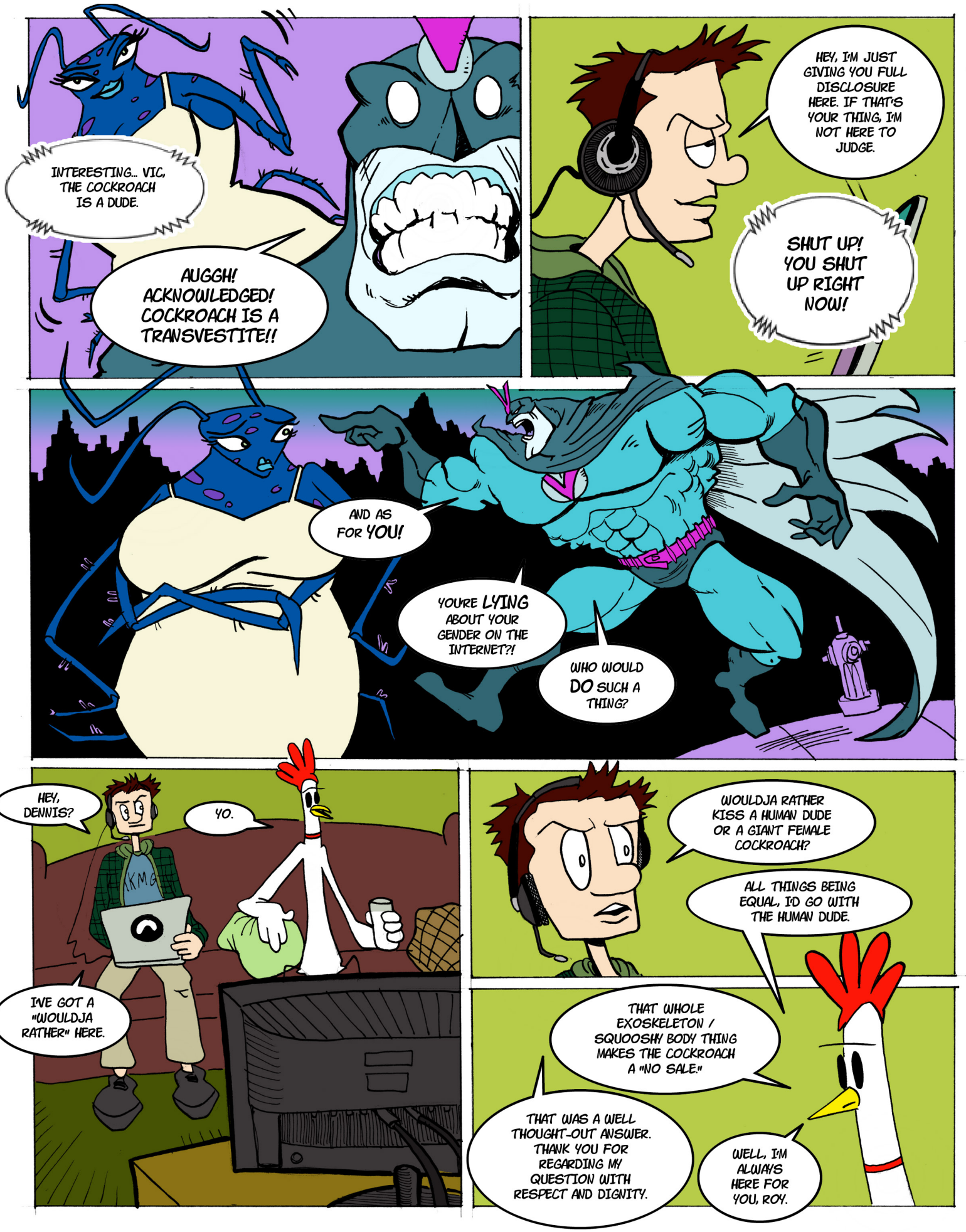
Shaddox • Ostley • Ru

I CAN'T FEEL THE COLD.
CONSIDERING I'M LANDING IN CHICAGO IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, YOU'D THINK THE COLD WOULD BE THE FIRST THING I FEEL.
IT SHOULD BE DRYING OUT MY SINUSES AND JABBING TINY NEEDLES INTO MY SKIN.
BUT I DON'T FEEL A THING.

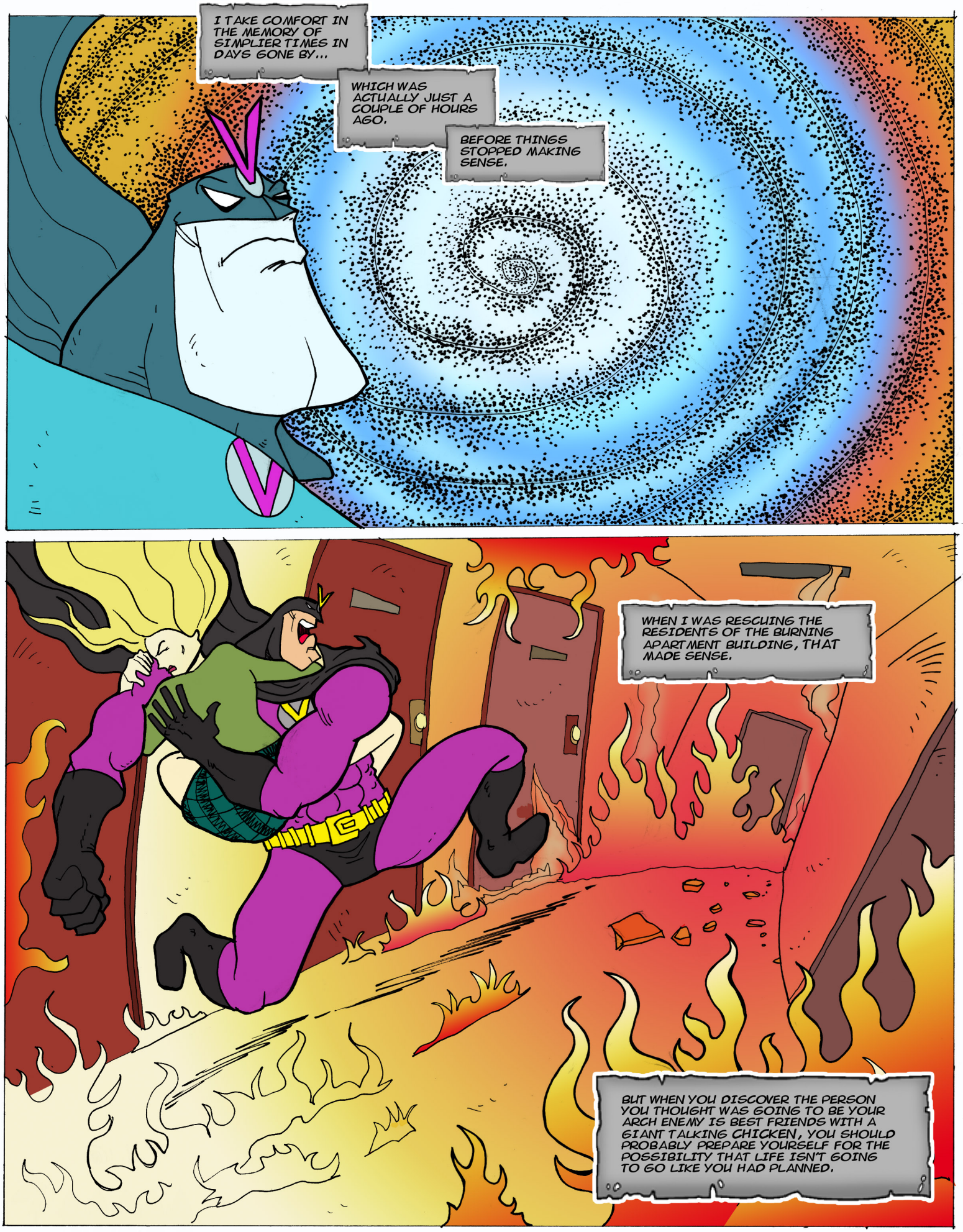

I'M WAITING FOR ALL THOSE NORMAL SENSATIONS...
...SOME SIGNAL TO MY BRAIN THAT I'M STILL ALIVE.
BUT IT NEVER COMES.
I DON'T EVEN FEEL THE IMPACT AS I HIT THE CAR.
BUT I HEAR IT. I SUPPOSE THAT'S SOMETHING.
KER-SMASHITY!
I HEAR THE METAL REND, THE GLASS SHATTER.
STILL, ALL I FEEL IS A MOMENTARY DISRUPTION IN MY BRAIN, AS IF GOD WERE TAKING A MOMENT IN DECIDING IF I WERE TO CONTINUE TO EXIST.

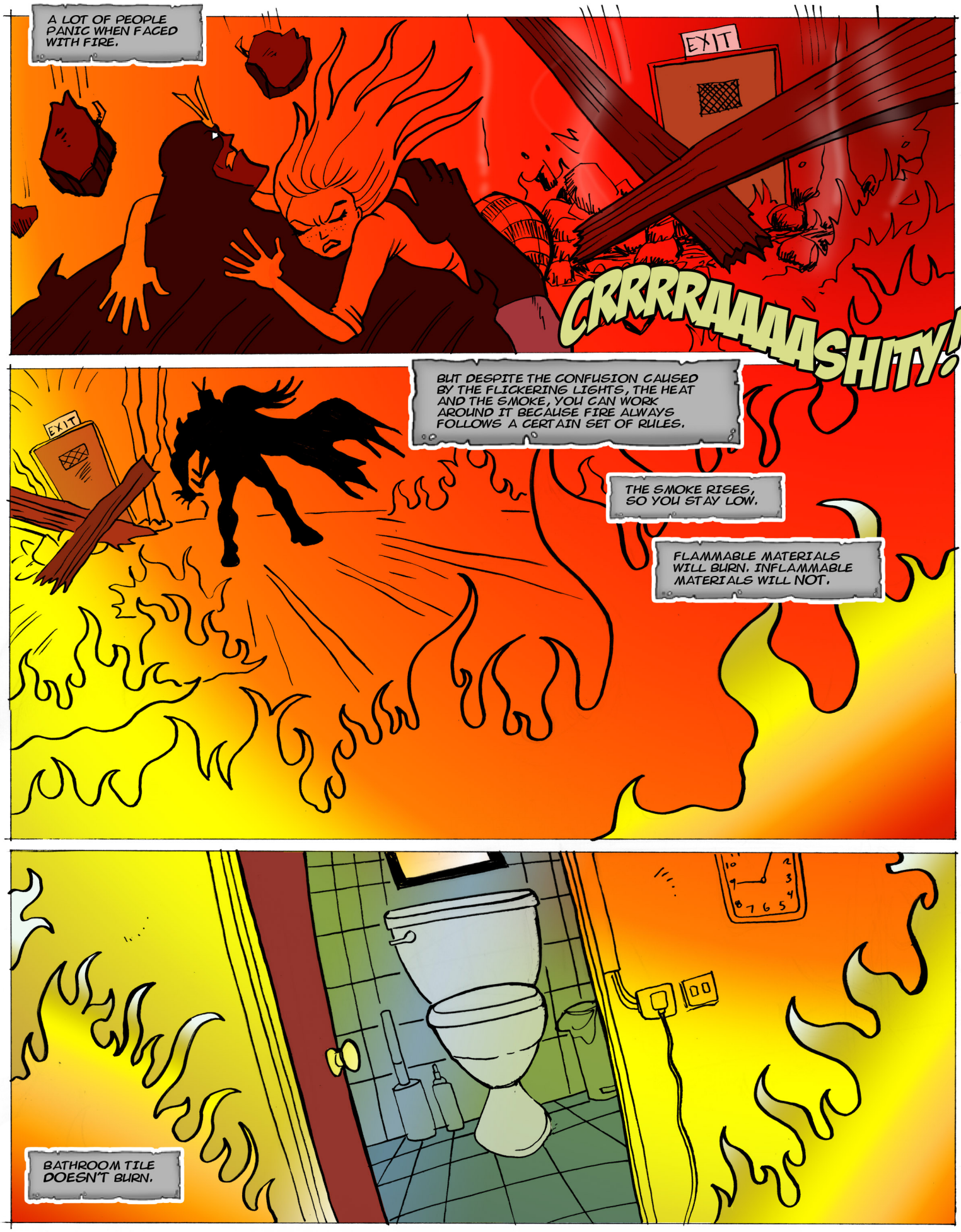
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, NOTHING I SEE, HEAR OR TOUCH IS REAL.
THAT'S MORE UNSETTLING THAN I EVER COULD HAVE IMAGINED.
A.D. SHADDOX: SCRIPT/LETTERS
GABE OSTLEY: PENCILS/INKS
RU: COLORS/AWESOMENESS
HERO ACTION PERSONS
THE SOCIAL (NETWORKING SITE) WAR SAGA PART 2:
"MOB RULES"

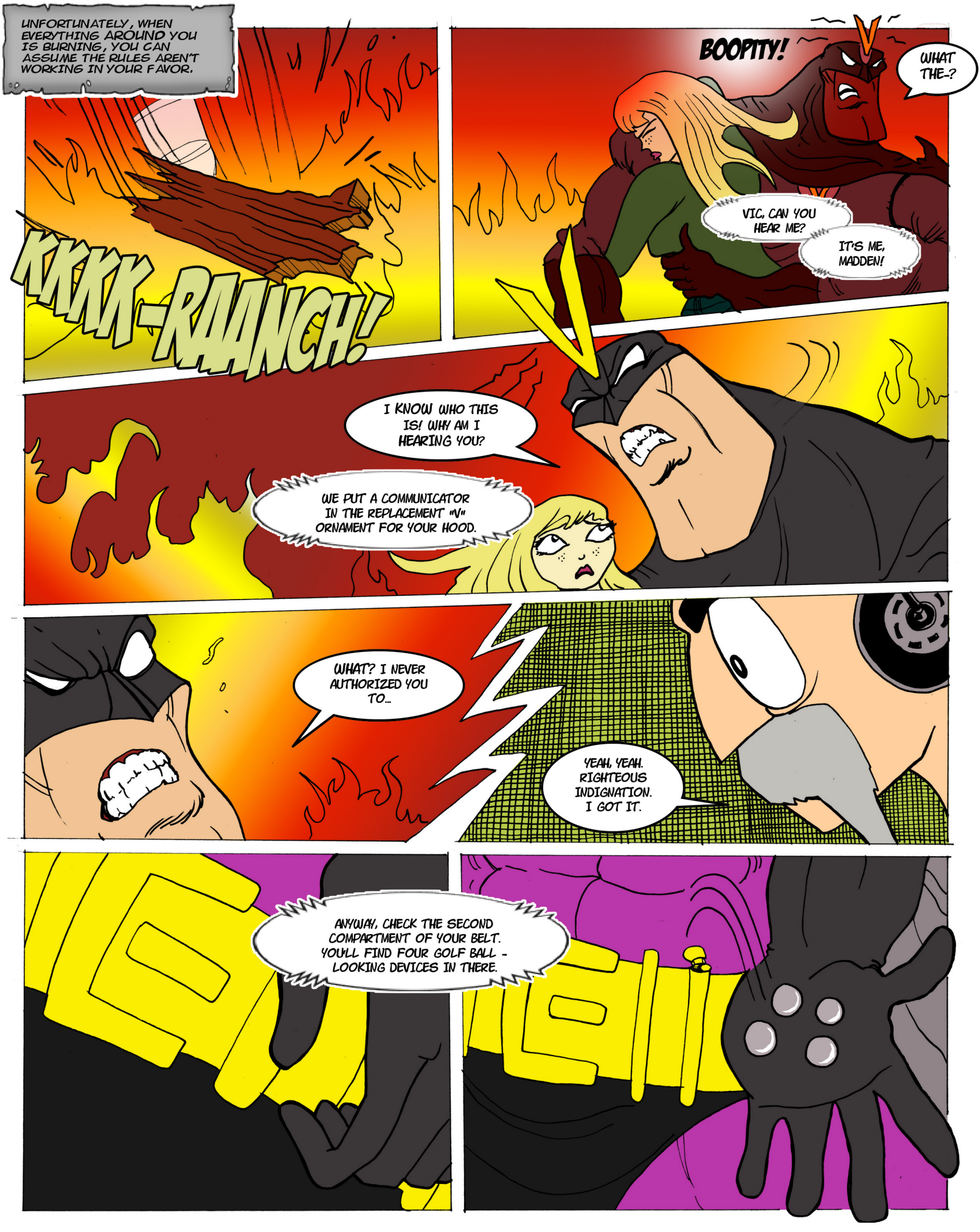

BZZZZT! VIC, IT'S ROY! HOW ARE YOU DOING?
IT WASN'T A GRACEFUL LANDING, BUT I'M HERE.
AWESOME! THAT IS SO COOL! I CAN SEE YOU ON THE MONITOR! WAVE OR SOMETHING!
YEAH, CAN YOU SEE THAT I'M ABOUT TO HAVE A CONVERSATION WITH A GORILLA IN A ZOOT SUIT?
HAR! THAT'S GREAT! IT'S THE MAGIC OF CYBERSPACE, MAN! YOU PICK YOUR AVATAR, AND BE WHO YOU WANT TO BE!
WHY WOULD ANY SELF-RESPECTING YOUNG LADY CHOOSE TO BE A COCKROACH IN A CHEAP EVENING GOWN?
I SEE THE COCKROACH.... AAAAAANNND CHECKING OUT THE PROFILE....

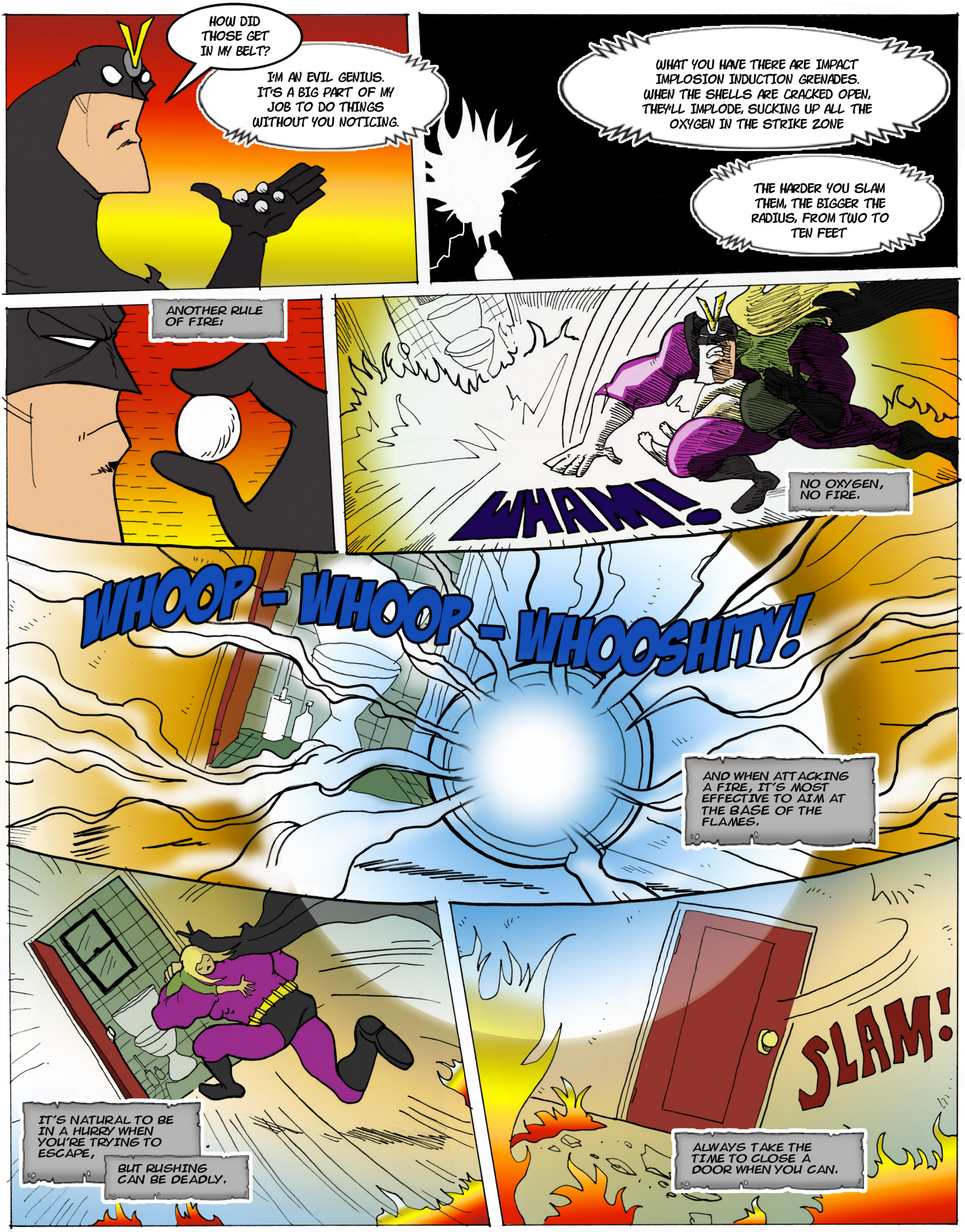

INTERESTING... VIC, THE COCKROACH IS A DUDE.
AUGGH! ACKNOWLEDGED! COCKROACH IS A TRANSVESTITE!!
HEY, I'M JUST GIVING YOU FULL DISCLOSURE HERE. IF THAT'S YOUR THING, I'M NOT HERE TO JUDGE.
SHUT UP! YOU SHUT UP RIGHT NOW!
AND AS FOR YOU!
YOURE LYING ABOUT YOUR GENDER ON THE INTERNET?!
WHO WOULD DO SUCH A THING?
HEY, DENNIS?
YO.
IVE GOT A "WOULDJA RATHER" HERE.
WOULDJA RATHER KISS A HUMAN DUDE OR A GIANT FEMALE COCKROACH?
ALL THINGS BEING EQUAL, I'D GO WITH THE HUMAN DUDE.
THAT WHOLE EXOSKELETON / SQUOOSHY BODY THING MAKES THE COCKROACH A "NO SALE."
THAT WAS A WELL THOUGHT-OUT ANSWER. THANK YOU FOR REGARDING MY QUESTION WITH RESPECT AND DIGNITY.
WELL, I'M ALWAYS HERE FOR YOU, ROY.

POKE!
AiiiiiEEEE!!!
Poke!
AHHHHH!!!!! WHAT DID YOU JUST DO TO ME?!
ROY! IVE BEEN "POKED" BY THE TRANSVESTITE COCKROACH! WHAT DO I DO? WHAT DO I DO?
Ur supposed to poke me back!
ROY! THE TRANSVESTITE COCKROACH WANTS ME TO "POKE" HIM BACK! ABORT MISSION! ABORT!
HE'S JUST BEING FRIENDLY, YOU BIG BABY. POKE HIM BACK!
NEVER!
Want 2 B my FacePage friend?
I'M HATING THIS ALREADY...

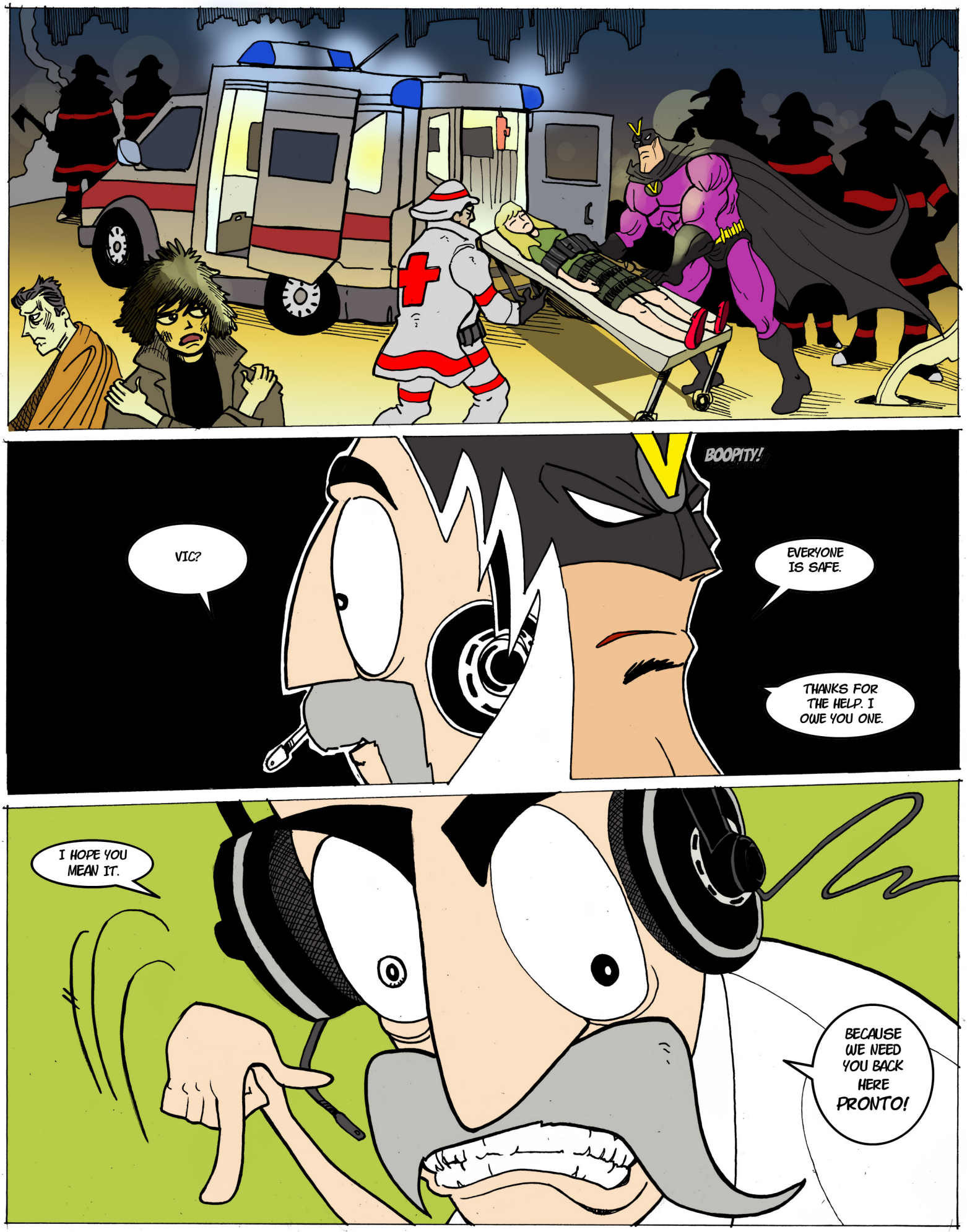

I TAKE COMFORT IN THE MEMORY OF SIMPLIER TIMES IN DAYS GONE BY...
WHICH WAS ACTUALLY JUST A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO.
BEFORE THINGS STOPPED MAKING SENSE.
WHEN I WAS RESCUING THE RESIDENTS OF THE BURNING APARTMENT BUILDING, THAT MADE SENSE.
BUT WHEN YOU DISCOVER THE PERSON YOU THOUGHT WAS GOING TO BE YOUR ARCH ENEMY IS BEST FRIENDS WITH A GIANT TALKING CHICKEN, YOU SHOULD PROBABLY PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE POSSIBILITY THAT LIFE ISN'T GOING TO GO LIKE YOU HAD PLANNED.

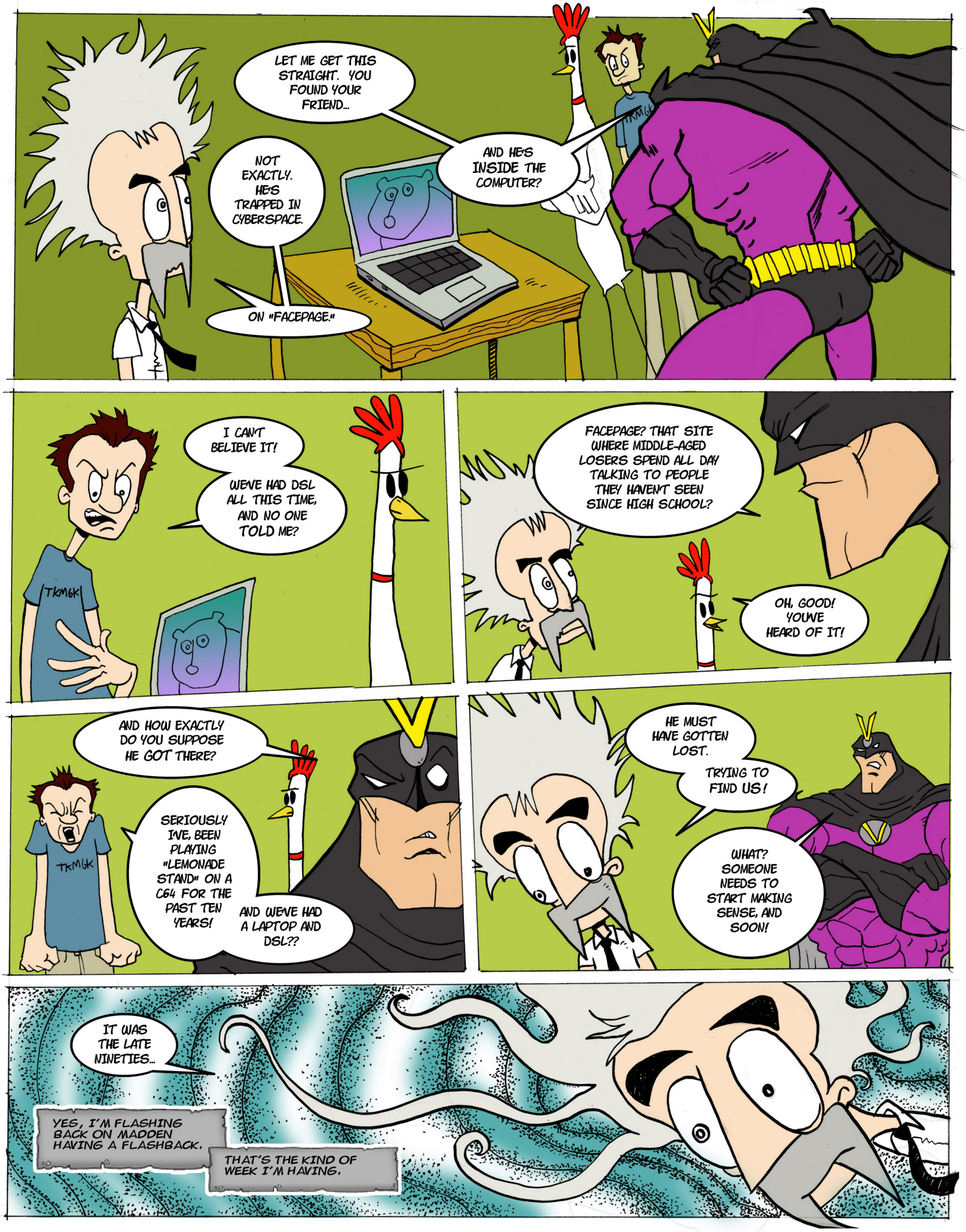

A LOT OF PEOPLE PANIC WHEN FACED WITH FIRE.
EXIT
CRRRRAAAAASHITY!
BUT DESPITE THE CONFUSION CAUSED BY THE FLICKERING LIGHTS, THE HEAT AND THE SMOKE, YOU CAN WORK AROUND IT BECAUSE FIRE ALWAYS FOLLOWS A CERTAIN SET OF RULES.
EXIT
THE SMOKE RISES, SO YOU STAY LOW.
FLAMMABLE MATERIALS WILL BURN. INFLAMMABLE MATERIALS WILL NOT.
BATHROOM TILE DOESN'T BURN.

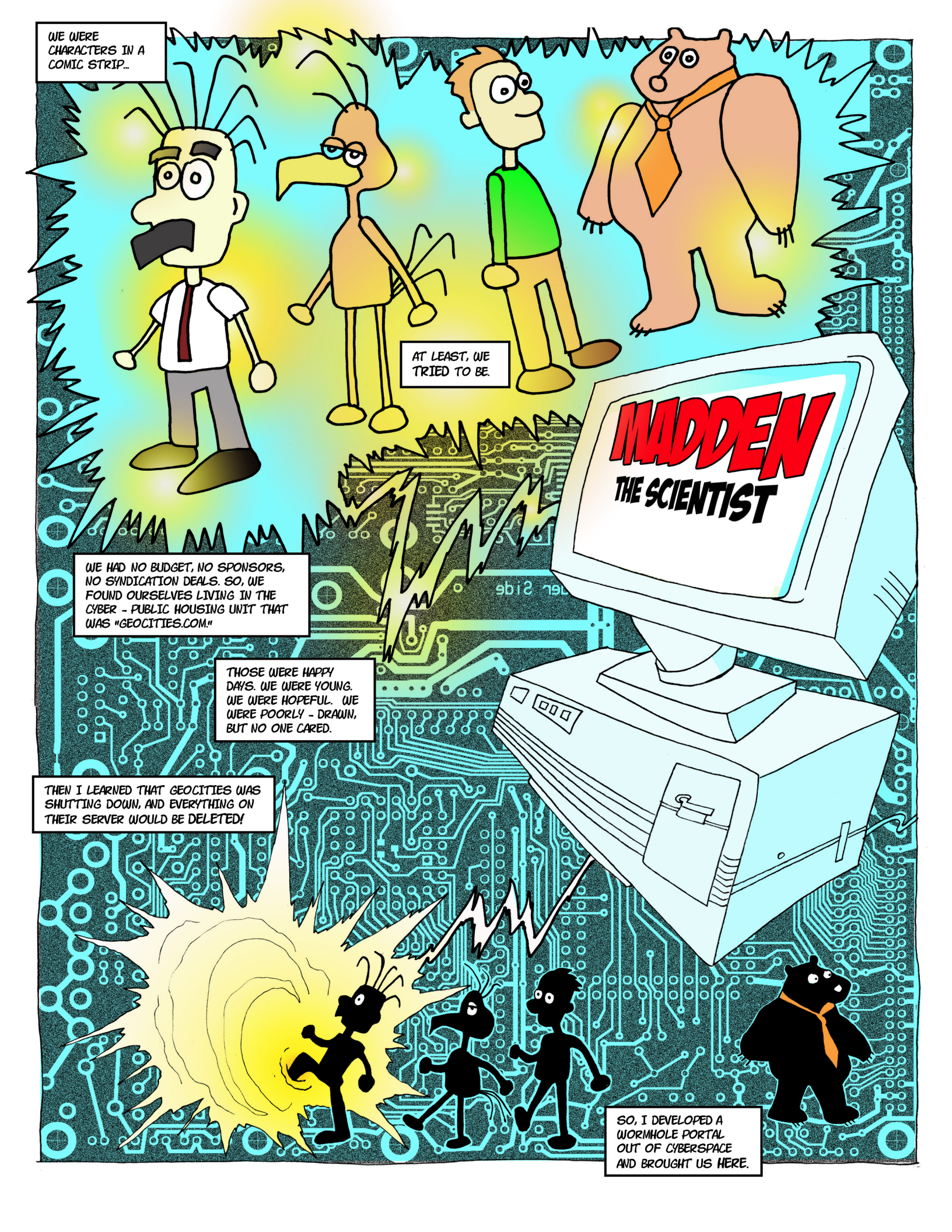

UNFORTUNATELY, WHEN EVERYTHING AROUND YOU IS BURNING, YOU CAN ASSUME THE RULES AREN'T WORKING IN YOUR FAVOR.
KKKK-RAANCH!
BOOPITY!
WHAT THE-?
VIC, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
IT'S ME, MADDEN!
I KNOW WHO THIS IS! WHY AM I HEARING YOU?
WE PUT A COMMUNICATOR IN THE REPLACEMENT "V" ORNAMENT FOR YOUR HOOD.
WHAT? I NEVER AUTHORIZED YOU TO...
YEAH, YEAH. RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION. I GOT IT.
ANYWAY, CHECK THE SECOND COMPARTMENT OF YOUR BELT. YOU'LL FIND FOUR GOLF BALL - LOOKING DEVICES IN THERE.

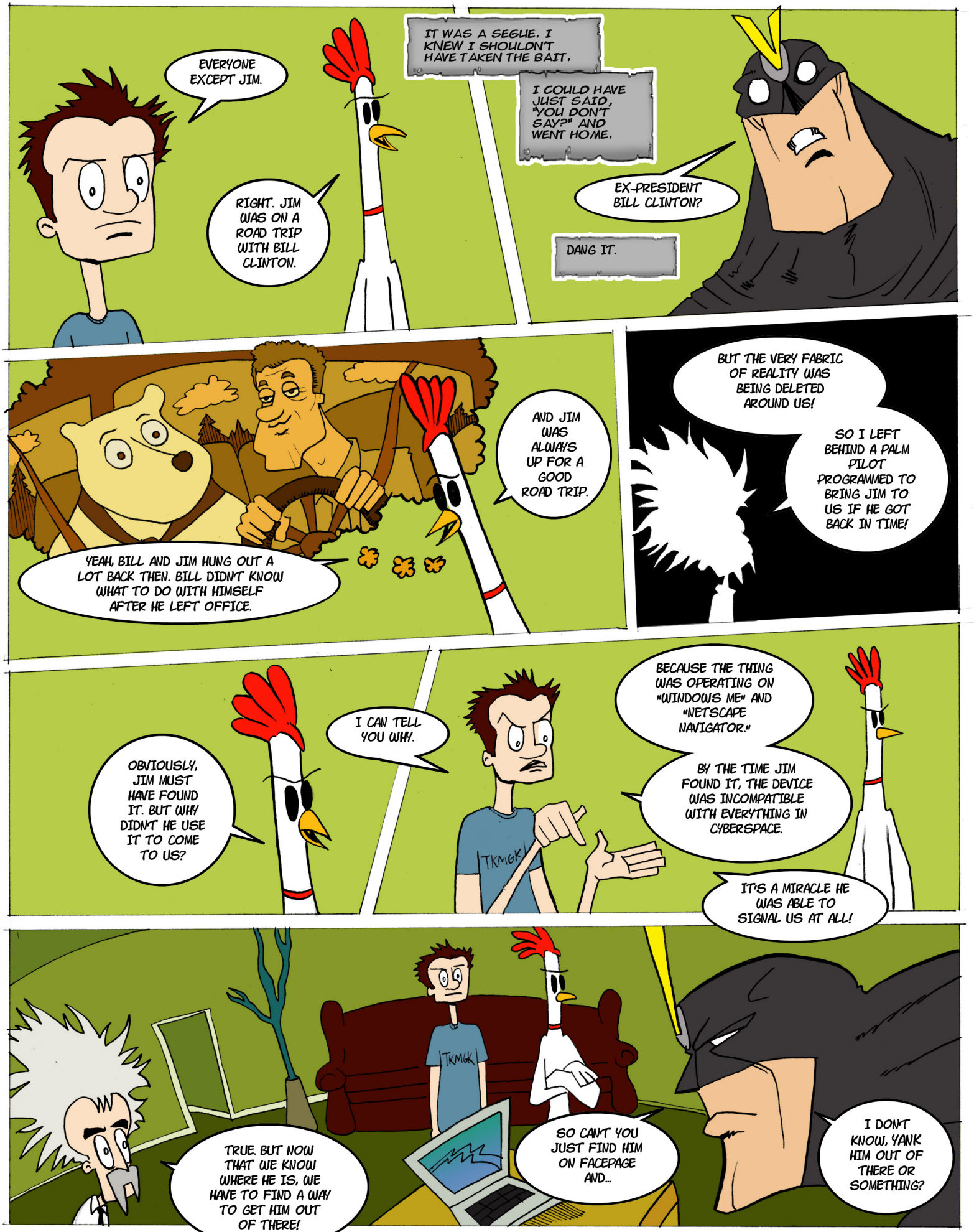

HOW DID THOSE GET IN MY BELT?
I'M AN EVIL GENIUS. IT'S A BIG PART OF MY JOB TO DO THINGS WITHOUT YOU NOTICING.
WHAT YOU HAVE THERE ARE IMPACT IMPLOSION INDUCTION GRENADES. WHEN THE SHELLS ARE CRACKED OPEN, THEY'LL IMPLODE, SUCKING UP ALL THE OXYGEN IN THE STRIKE ZONE
THE HARDER YOU SLAM THEM, THE BIGGER THE RADIUS, FROM TWO TO TEN FEET
ANOTHER RULE OF FIRE:
WHAM!
NO OXYGEN, NO FIRE.
WHOOP - WHOOP - WHOOSHITY!
AND WHEN ATTACKING A FIRE, IT'S MOST EFFECTIVE TO AIM AT THE BASE OF THE FLAMES.
IT'S NATURAL TO BE IN A HURRY WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO ESCAPE,
BUT RUSHING CAN BE DEADLY.
SLAM!
ALWAYS TAKE THE TIME TO CLOSE A DOOR WHEN YOU CAN.

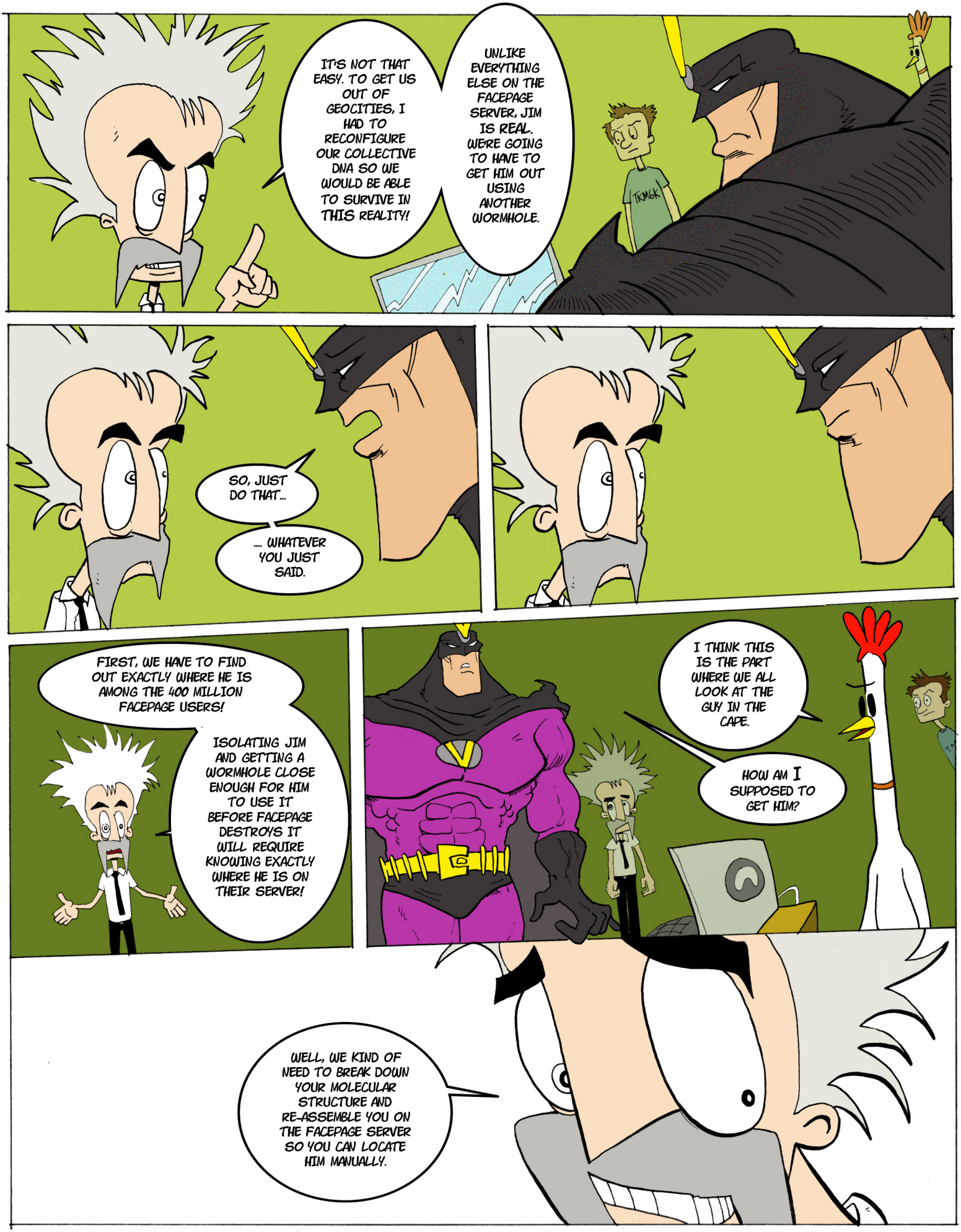
FIRE SEEKS OXYGEN. IF YOU DON'T CUT OFF THE FIRE BEHIND YOU, OPENING A DOOR OR WINDOW COULD CAUSE A BACKDRAFT.
KREESH!
IF THAT HAPPENS, YOU WILL MOST LIKELY DIE.
OF COURSE, YOU HAVE TO GET TO AIR TO SURVIVE, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO INTRODUCE OXYGEN TO THE EQUATION SOONER OR LATER.
BUT IF YOU'VE LIMITED THE FIRE'S ACCESS TO YOUR EXIT POINT, AND PREPARED YOURSELF FOR THE REACTION WHEN THE INCOMING AIR HITS THE FLAMES, YOU'VE MADE THE BEST OF THE SITUATION.
JUST KEEP IN MIND THAT FIRE FOLLOWS RULES.
USE THEM TO YOUR ADVANTAGE, AND YOU STAND A MUCH BETTER CHANCE OF GETTING OUT ALIVE.

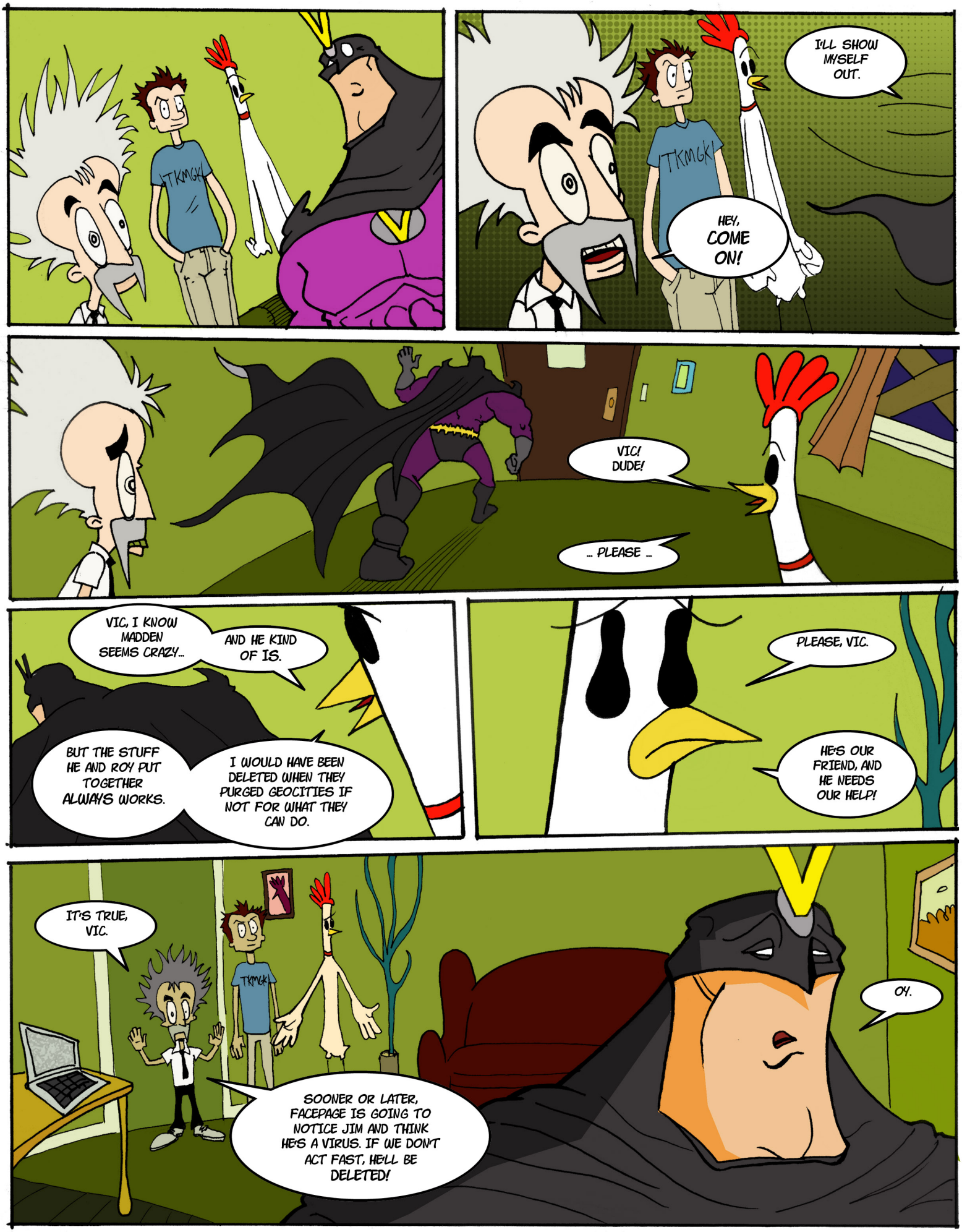

BOOPITY!
VIC?
EVERYONE IS SAFE.
THANKS FOR THE HELP. I OWE YOU ONE.
I HOPE YOU MEAN IT.
BECAUSE WE NEED YOU BACK HERE PRONTO!

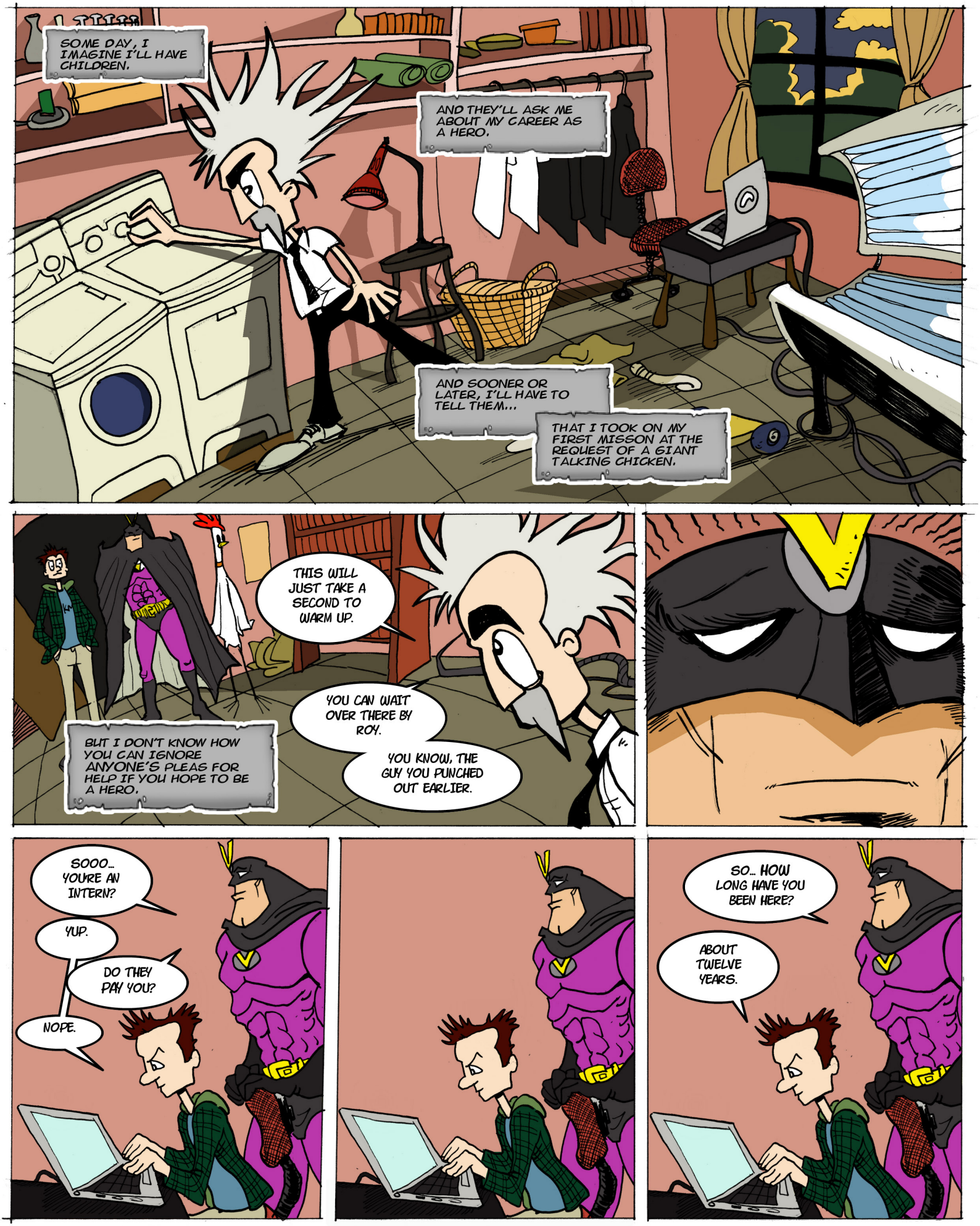

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU FOUND YOUR FRIEND...
AND HE'S INSIDE THE COMPUTER?
NOT EXACTLY. HE'S TRAPPED IN CYBERSPACE.
ON "FACEPAGE."
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
WE'VE HAD DSL ALL THIS TIME, AND NO ONE TOLD ME?
FACEPAGE? THAT SITE WHERE MIDDLE-AGED LOSERS SPEND ALL DAY TALKING TO PEOPLE THEY HAVEN'T SEEN SINCE HIGH SCHOOL?
OH, GOOD! YOU'VE HEARD OF IT!
AND HOW EXACTLY DO YOU SUPPOSE HE GOT THERE?
SERIOUSLY IVE, BEEN PLAYING "LEMONADE STAND" ON A C64 FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS!
AND WE'VE HAD A LAPTOP AND DSL??
HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN LOST.
TRYING TO FIND US!
WHAT? SOMEONE NEEDS TO START MAKING SENSE, AND SOON!
IT WAS THE LATE NINETIES...
YES, I'M FLASHING BACK ON MADDEN HAVING A FLASHBACK.
THAT'S THE KIND OF WEEK I'M HAVING.

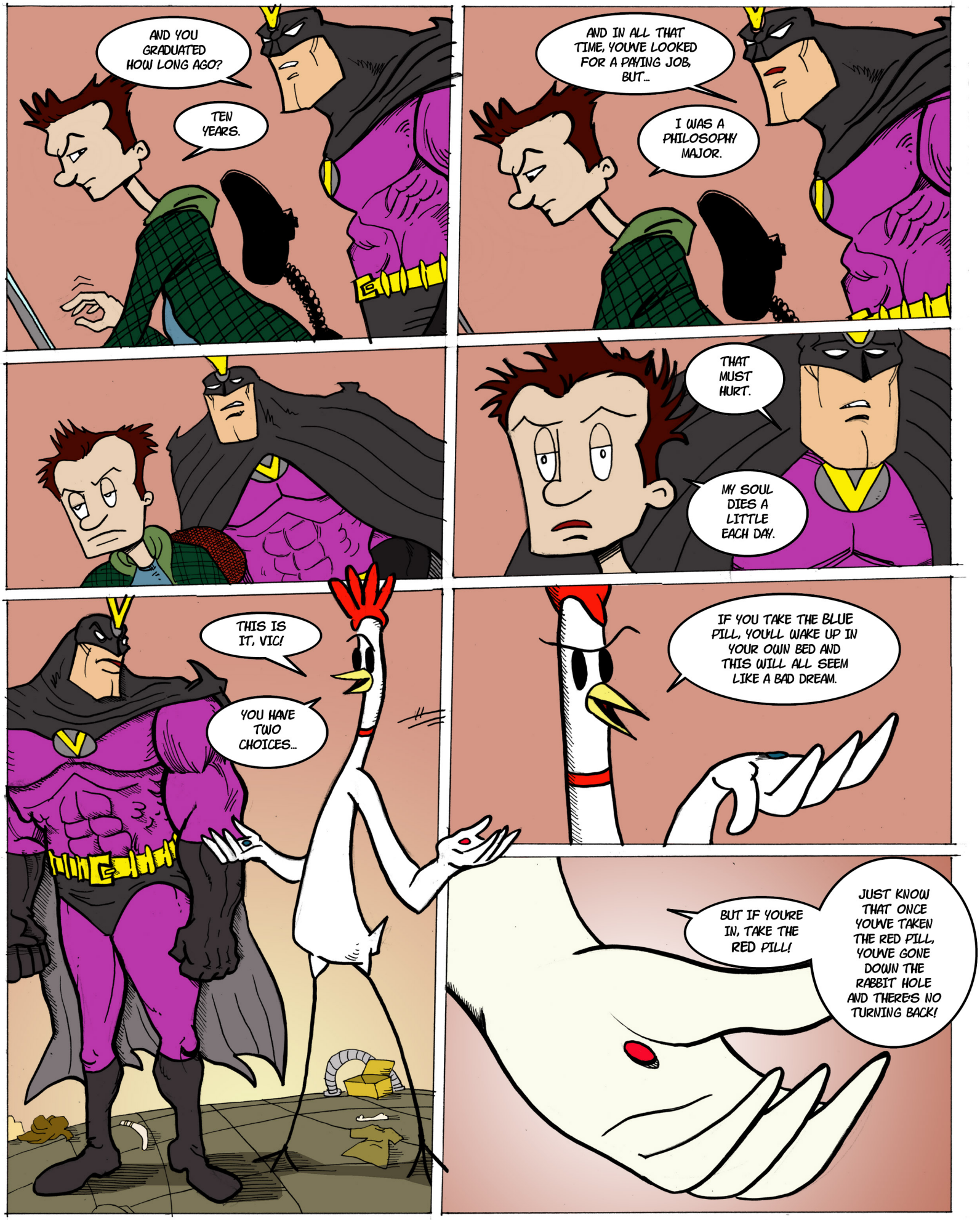

WE WERE CHARACTERS IN A COMIC STRIP...
AT LEAST, WE TRIED TO BE.
MADDEN
THE SCIENTIST
WE HAD NO BUDGET, NO SPONSORS, NO SYNDICATION DEALS. SO, WE FOUND OURSELVES LIVING IN THE CYBER - PUBLIC HOUSING UNIT THAT WAS "GEOCITIES.COM."
THOSE WERE HAPPY DAYS. WE WERE YOUNG. WE WERE HOPEFUL. WE WERE POORLY - DRAWN, BUT NO ONE CARED.
THEN I LEARNED THAT GEOCITIES WAS SHUTTING DOWN, AND EVERYTHING ON THEIR SERVER WOULD BE DELETED!
SO, I DEVELOPED A WORMHOLE PORTAL OUT OF CYBERSPACE AND BROUGHT US HERE.

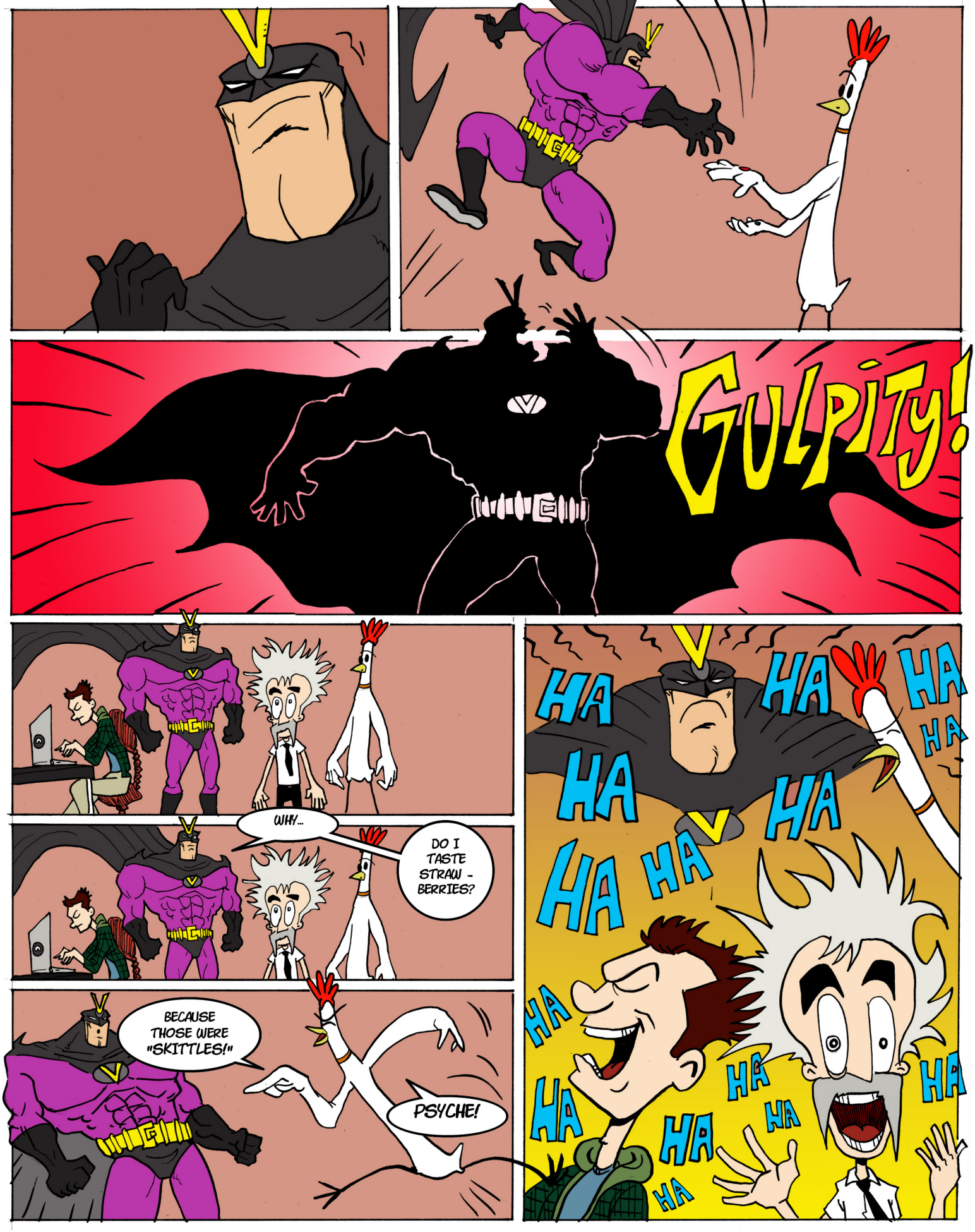

EVERYONE EXCEPT JIM.
RIGHT. JIM WAS ON A ROAD TRIP WITH BILL CLINTON.
IT WAS A SEGUE. I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE BAIT.
I COULD HAVE JUST SAID, "YOU DON'T SAY?" AND WENT HOME.
DANG IT.
EX-PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON?
YEAH. BILL AND JIM HUNG OUT A LOT BACK THEN. BILL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIMSELF AFTER HE LEFT OFFICE.
AND JIM WAS ALWAYS UP FOR A GOOD ROAD TRIP.
BUT THE VERY FABRIC OF REALITY WAS BEING DELETED AROUND US!
SO I LEFT BEHIND A PALM PILOT PROGRAMMED TO BRING JIM TO US IF HE GOT BACK IN TIME!
OBVIOUSLY, JIM MUST HAVE FOUND IT. BUT WHY DIDN'T HE USE IT TO COME TO US?
I CAN TELL YOU WHY.
BECAUSE THE THING WAS OPERATING ON "WINDOWS ME" AND "NETSCAPE NAVIGATOR."
BY THE TIME JIM FOUND IT, THE DEVICE WAS INCOMPATIBLE WITH EVERYTHING IN CYBERSPACE.
IT'S A MIRACLE HE WAS ABLE TO SIGNAL US AT ALL!
TRUE. BUT NOW THAT WE KNOW WHERE HE IS, WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO GET HIM OUT OF THERE!
SO CAN'T YOU JUST FIND HIM ON FACEPAGE AND...
I DON'T KNOW, YANK HIM OUT OF THERE OR SOMETHING?

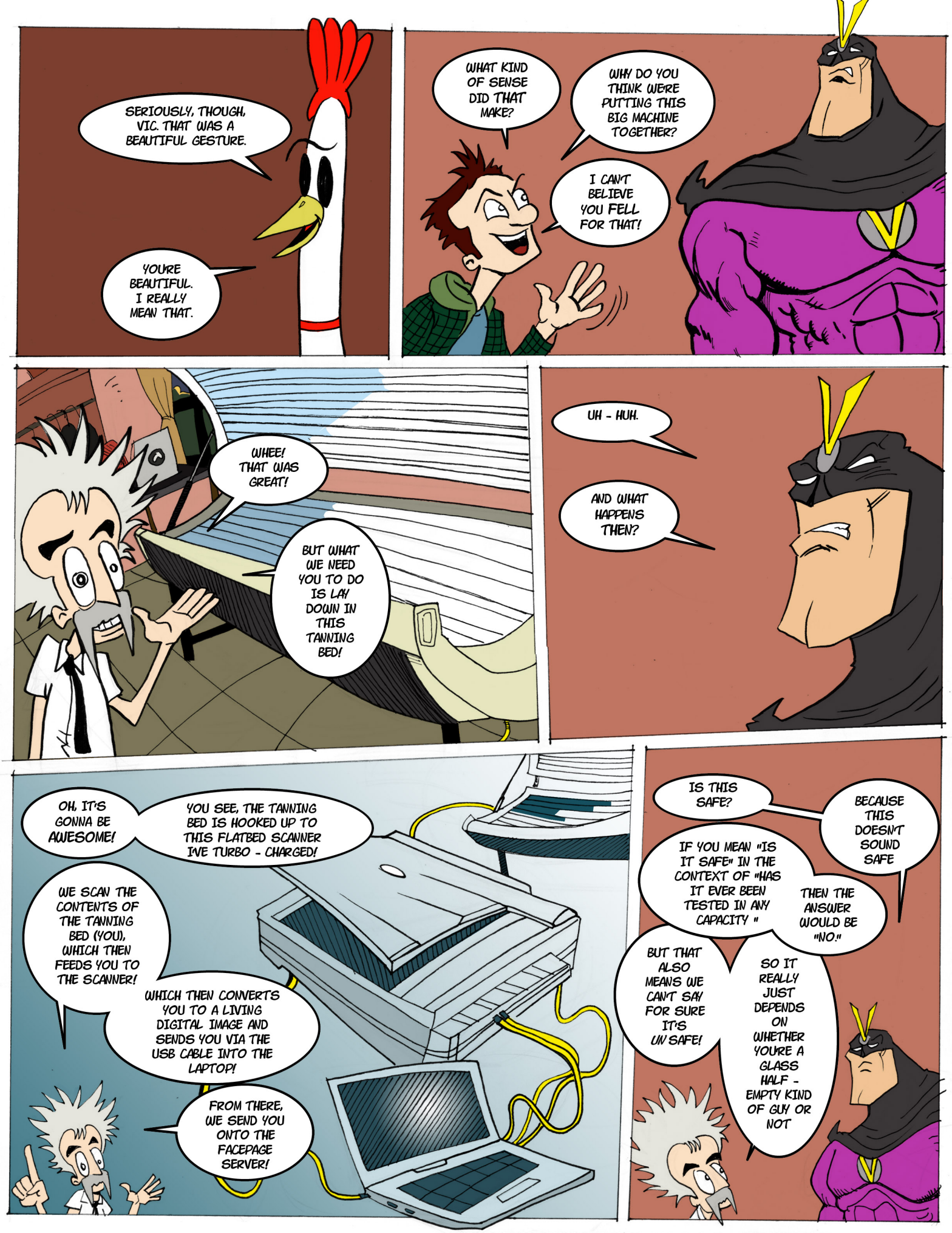

IT'S NOT THAT EASY. TO GET US OUT OF GEOCITIES, I HAD TO RECONFIGURE OUR COLLECTIVE DNA SO WE WOULD BE ABLE TO SURVIVE IN THIS REALITY!
UNLIKE EVERYTHING ELSE ON THE FACEPAGE SERVER, JIM IS REAL. WERE GOING TO HAVE TO GET HIM OUT USING ANOTHER WORMHOLE.
SO, JUST DO THAT...
.... WHATEVER YOU JUST SAID.
FIRST, WE HAVE TO FIND OUT EXACTLY WHERE HE IS AMONG THE 400 MILLION FACEPAGE USERS!
ISOLATING JIM AND GETTING A WORMHOLE CLOSE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO USE IT BEFORE FACEPAGE DESTROYS IT WILL REQUIRE KNOWING EXACTLY WHERE HE IS ON THEIR SERVER!
I THINK THIS IS THE PART WHERE WE ALL LOOK AT THE GUY IN THE CAPE.
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET HIM?
WELL, WE KIND OF NEED TO BREAK DOWN YOUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURE AND RE-ASSEMBLE YOU ON THE FACEPAGE SERVER SO YOU CAN LOCATE HIM MANUALLY.

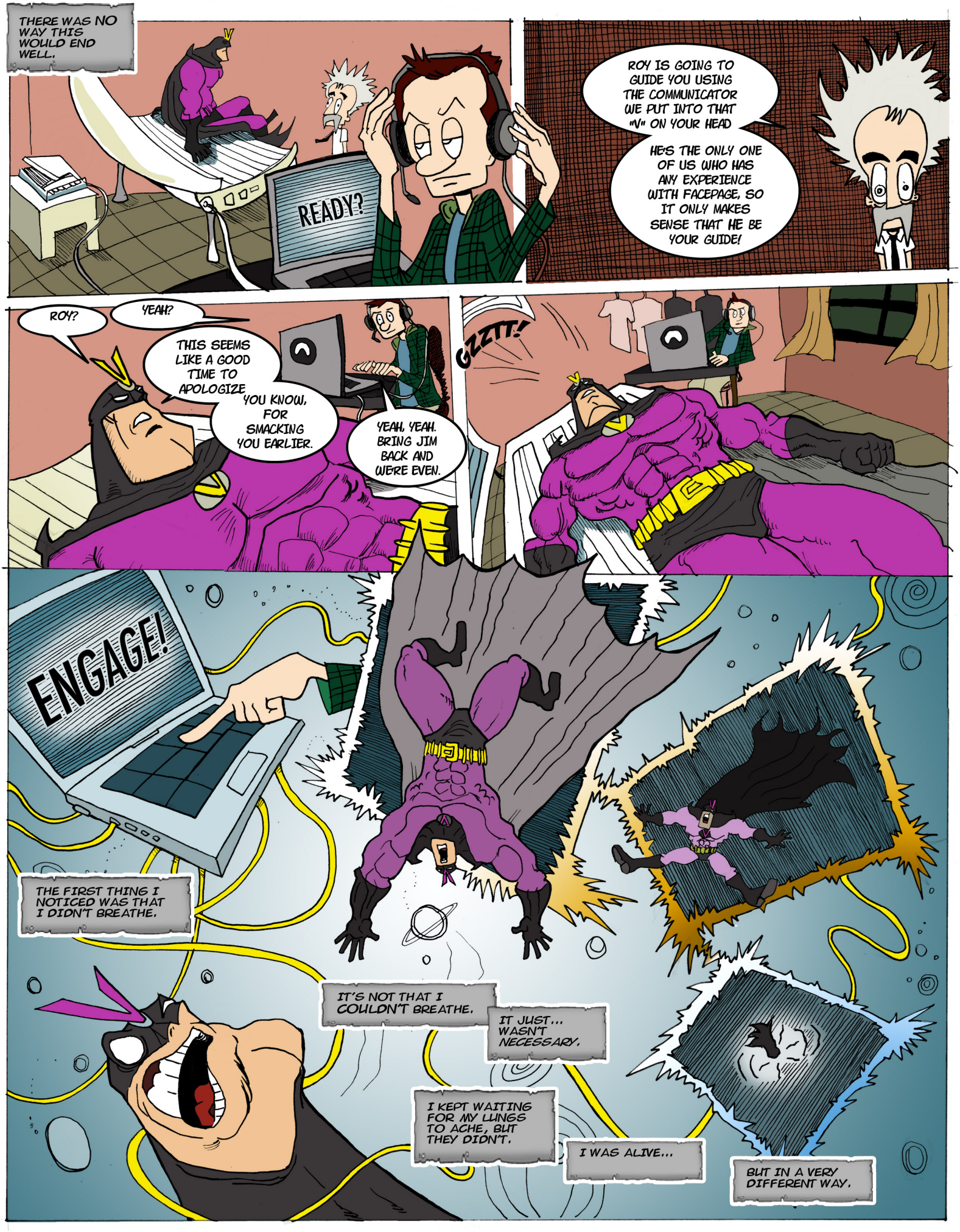

I'LL SHOW MYSELF OUT.
HEY, COME ON!
VIC! DUDE!
... PLEASE ...
VIC, I KNOW MADDEN SEEMS CRAZY...
AND HE KIND OF IS.
BUT THE STUFF HE AND ROY PUT TOGETHER ALWAYS WORKS.
I WOULD HAVE BEEN DELETED WHEN THEY PURGED GEOCITIES IF NOT FOR WHAT THEY CAN DO.
PLEASE, VIC.
HE'S OUR FRIEND, AND HE NEEDS OUR HELP!
IT'S TRUE, VIC.
SOONER OR LATER, FACEPAGE IS GOING TO NOTICE JIM AND THINK HE'S A VIRUS. IF WE DON'T ACT FAST, HE'LL BE DELETED!
OY.

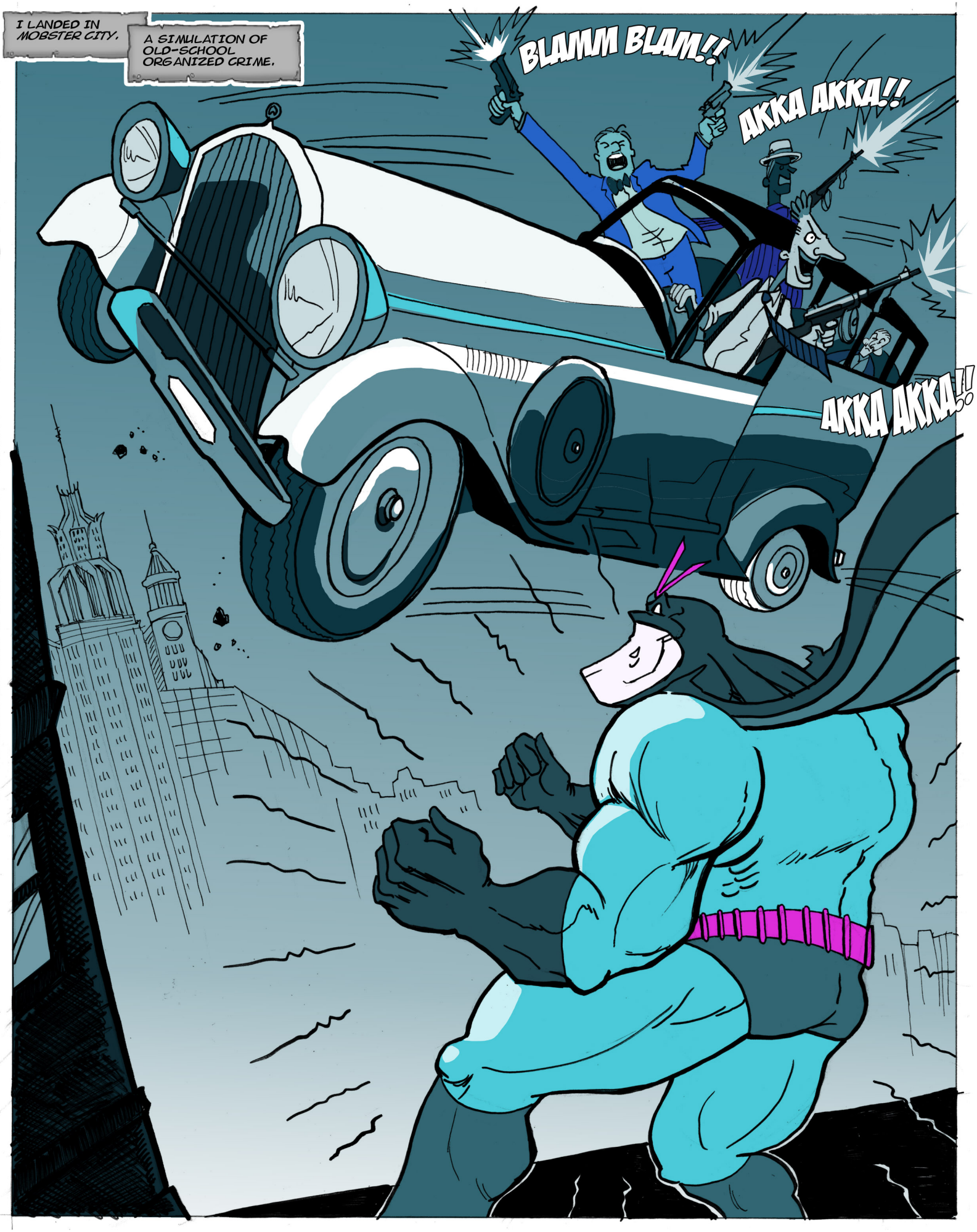

SOME DAY, I IMAGINE I'LL HAVE CHILDREN.
AND THEY'LL ASK ME ABOUT MY CAREER AS A HERO.
AND SOONER OR LATER, I'LL HAVE TO TELL THEM...
THAT I TOOK ON MY FIRST MISSON AT THE REQUEST OF A GIANT TALKING CHICKEN.
THIS WILL JUST TAKE A SECOND TO WARM UP.
YOU CAN WAIT OVER THERE BY ROY.
YOU KNOW, THE GUY YOU PUNCHED OUT EARLIER.
BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN IGNORE ANYONE'S PLEAS FOR HELP IF YOU HOPE TO BE A HERO.
SOOO... YOURE AN INTERN?
YUP.
DO THEY PAY YOU?
NOPE.
SO... HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?
ABOUT TWELVE YEARS.


AND YOU GRADUATED HOW LONG AGO?
TEN YEARS.
AND IN ALL THAT TIME, YOUVE LOOKED FOR A PAYING JOB, BUT...
I WAS A PHILOSOPHY MAJOR.
THAT MUST HURT.
MY SOUL DIES A LITTLE EACH DAY.
THIS IS IT, VIC!
YOU HAVE TWO CHOICES...
IF YOU TAKE THE BLUE PILL, YOU'LL WAKE UP IN YOUR OWN BED AND THIS WILL ALL SEEM LIKE A BAD DREAM.
BUT IF YOURE IN, TAKE THE RED PILL!
JUST KNOW THAT ONCE YOUVE TAKEN THE RED PILL, YOUVE GONE DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE AND THERES NO TURNING BACK!


GULPITY!
WHY...
DO I TASTE STRAW - BERRIES?
BECAUSE THOSE WERE "SKITTLES!"
PSYCHE!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

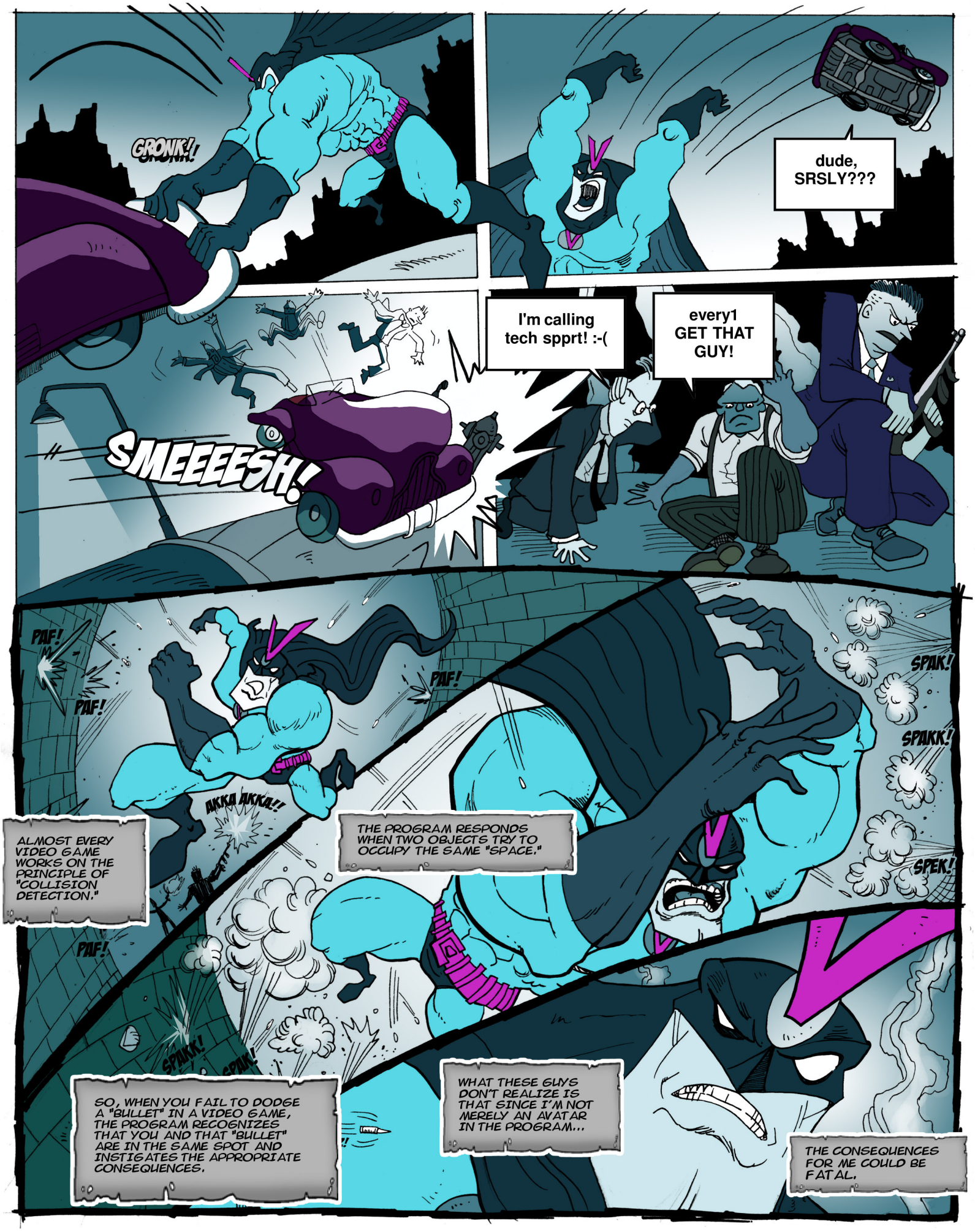

SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, VIC. THAT WAS A BEAUTIFUL GESTURE.
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. I REALLY MEAN THAT.
WHAT KIND OF SENSE DID THAT MAKE?
WHY DO YOU THINK WE'RE PUTTING THIS BIG MACHINE TOGETHER?
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FELL FOR THAT!
WHEE! THAT WAS GREAT!
BUT WHAT WE NEED YOU TO DO IS LAY DOWN IN THIS TANNING BED!
UH - HUH.
AND WHAT HAPPENS THEN?
OH, IT'S GONNA BE AWESOME!
YOU SEE, THE TANNING BED IS HOOKED UP TO THIS FLATBED SCANNER I'VE TURBO - CHARGED!
WE SCAN THE CONTENTS OF THE TANNING BED (YOU), WHICH THEN FEEDS YOU TO THE SCANNER!
WHICH THEN CONVERTS YOU TO A LIVING DIGITAL IMAGE AND SENDS YOU VIA THE USB CABLE INTO THE LAPTOP!
FROM THERE, WE SEND YOU ONTO THE FACEPAGE SERVER!
IS THIS SAFE?
BECAUSE THIS DOESN'T SOUND SAFE
IF YOU MEAN "IS IT SAFE" IN THE CONTEXT OF "HAS IT EVER BEEN TESTED IN ANY CAPACITY "
THEN THE ANSWER WOULD BE "NO."
BUT THAT ALSO MEANS WE CAN'T SAY FOR SURE IT'S UN SAFE!
SO IT REALLY JUST DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOU'RE A GLASS HALF - EMPTY KIND OF GUY OR NOT


THERE WAS NO WAY THIS WOULD END WELL.
READY?
ROY IS GOING TO GUIDE YOU USING THE COMMUNICATOR WE PUT INTO THAT "V" ON YOUR HEAD
HE'S THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO HAS ANY EXPERIENCE WITH FACEPAGE, SO IT ONLY MAKES SENSE THAT HE BE YOUR GUIDE!
ROY?
YEAH?
THIS SEEMS LIKE A GOOD TIME TO APOLOGIZE.
YOU KNOW, FOR SMACKING YOU EARLIER.
YEAH, YEAH. BRING JIM BACK AND WE'RE EVEN.
GZZTT!
ENGAGE!
THE FIRST THING I NOTICED WAS THAT I DIDN'T BREATHE.
IT'S NOT THAT I COULDN'T BREATHE.
IT JUST... WASN'T NECESSARY.
I KEPT WAITING FOR MY LUNGS TO ACHE, BUT THEY DIDN'T.
I WAS ALIVE...
BUT IN A VERY DIFFERENT WAY.


I LANDED IN MOBSTER CITY,
A SIMULATION OF OLD-SCHOOL ORGANIZED CRIME.
BLAMM BLAM!!
AKKA AKKA!!
AKKA AKKA!!

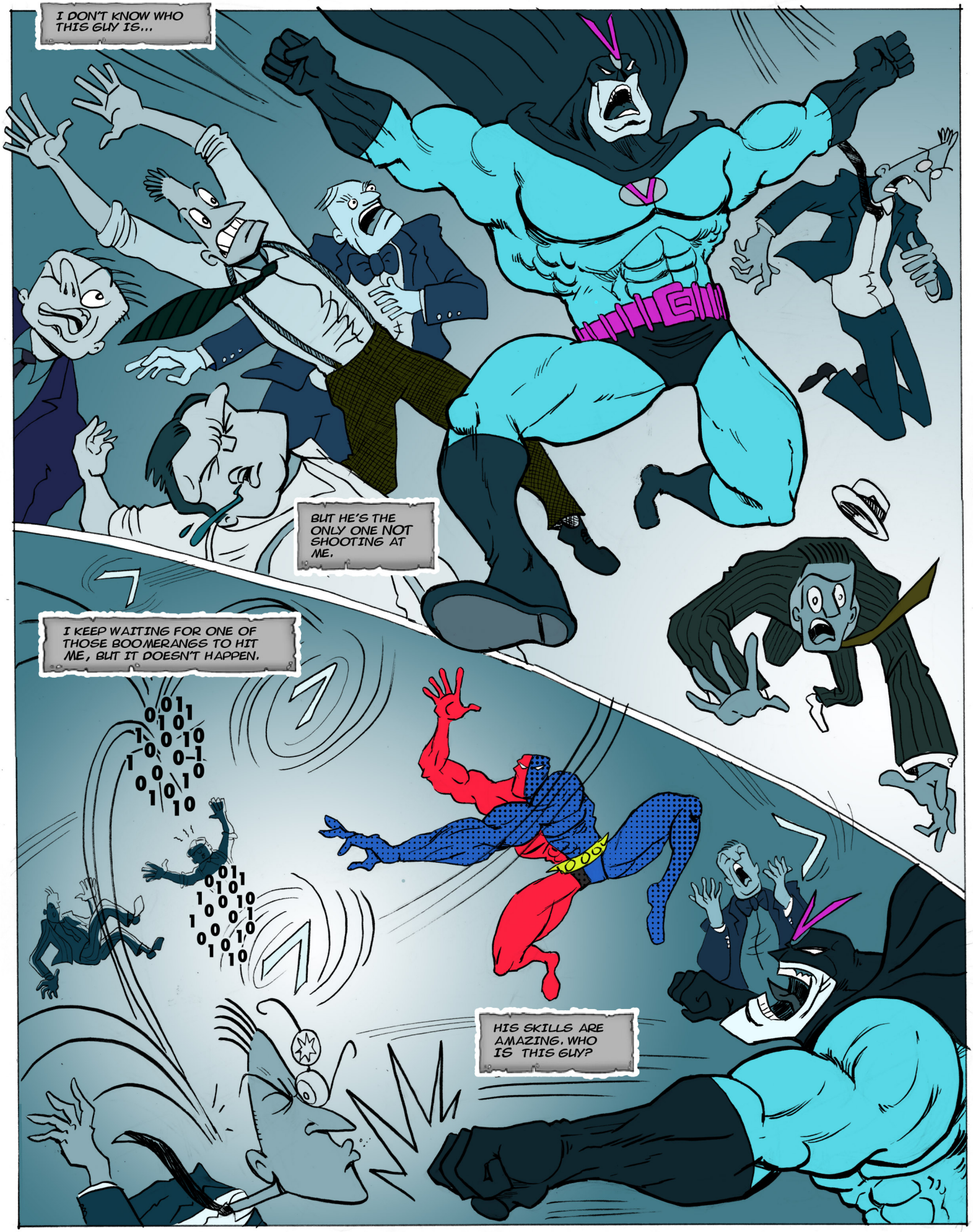
KA-RUNKITY!!
WTH? NOT COOL! >:-(
look @ this jerk! he's from Superstown!
wrong game, NOOB!
REAL-LIFE LOSERS SPENDING THEIR TIME PRETENDING TO BE A DIFFERENT KIND OF LOSER.
I'M... LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.
is it a chick?
is she hott? :-)
SIGH
ROY?
YO?
WHY WOULD YOU THINK JIM WOULD BE HERE?
HE LIKES ALCOHOL AND VIOLENCE. THIS SEEMS LIKE THE SORT OF PLACE HE WOULD HANG OUT

AKKA AKKA!!
AKKA AKKA!!
AKKA AKKA!!
FRAG EM!!!!
dude,, INCOMING!

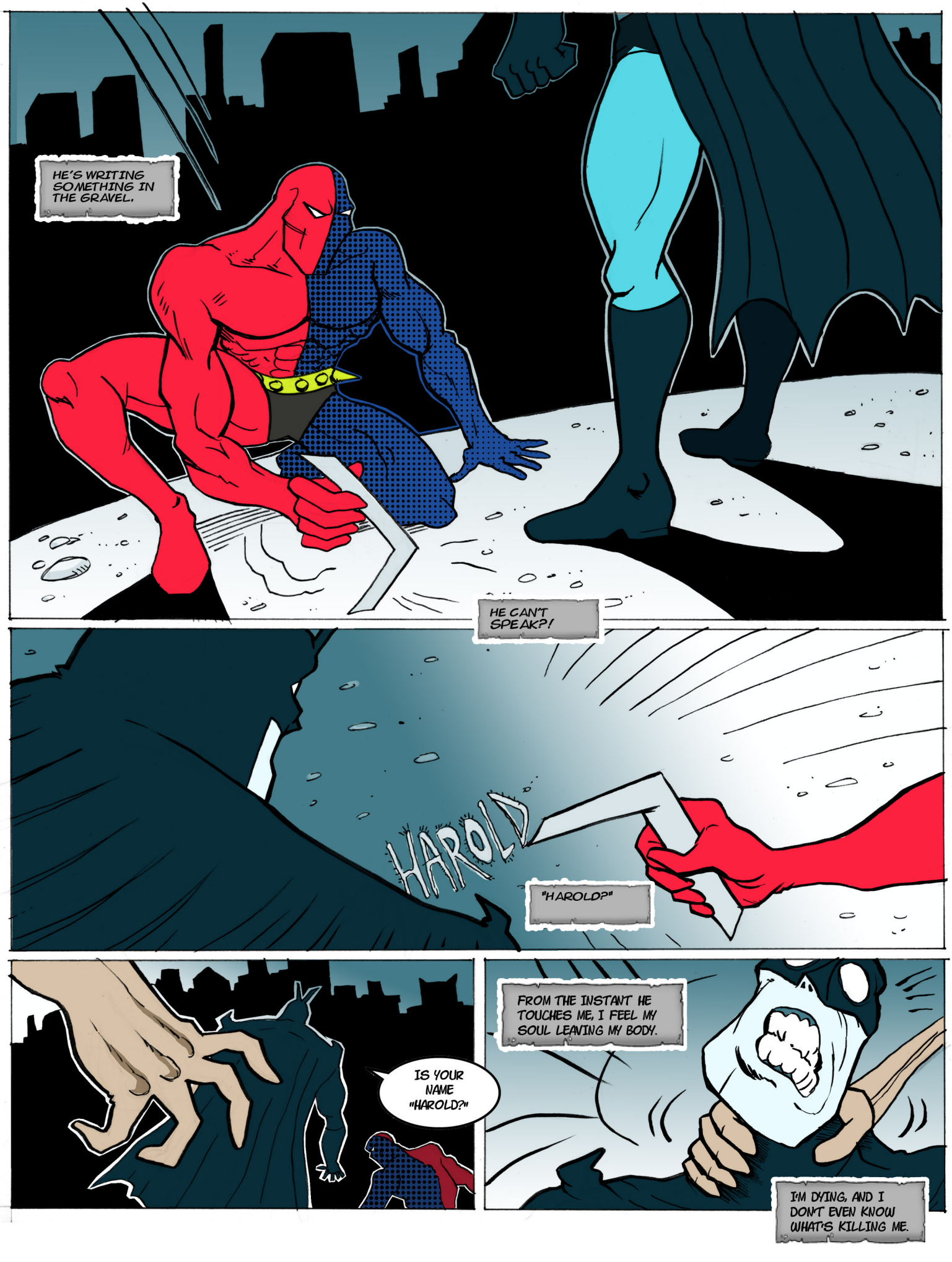

GRONK!!
dude, SRSLY???
I'm calling tech spprt! :-(
every1 GET THAT GUY!
SMEEEESH!
PAF!
PAF!
PAF!
AKKA AKKA!!
SPAK!
SPAKK!
SPEK!
ALMOST EVERY VIDEO GAME WORKS ON THE PRINCIPLE OF "COLLISION DETECTION."
THE PROGRAM RESPONDS WHEN TWO OBJECTS TRY TO OCCUPY THE SAME "SPACE."
PAF!
SPAK!
SPAK!
SO, WHEN YOU FAIL TO DODGE A "BULLET" IN A VIDEO GAME, THE PROGRAM RECOGNIZES THAT YOU AND THAT "BULLET" ARE IN THE SAME SPOT AND INSTIGATES THE APPROPRIATE CONSEQUENCES.
WHAT THESE GUYS DON'T REALIZE IS THAT SINCE I'M NOT MERELY AN AVATAR IN THE PROGRAM...
THE CONSEQUENCES FOR ME COULD BE FATAL.

come on, guys!
AKKA AKKA!!
BLAMMO!!
AKKA AKKA!!
my moms going 2 make me get off the computer soon! im suposed to b grounded!
AKKA AKKA!
KWACK!
joey??
he mustve lost his connection :-D
i don't think so,
LOOK!!!

NELSON ST
SOUTH AV
TO
15
ONE WAY
dude, thats NOT COOL! go back to Superstown! !!!
BOING


I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS GUY IS...
BUT HE'S THE ONLY ONE NOT SHOOTING AT ME.
I KEEP WAITING FOR ONE OF THOSE BOOMERANGS TO HIT ME, BUT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN.
HIS SKILLS ARE AMAZING. WHO IS THIS GUY?

I DON'T THINK WE'VE MET.
THANKS FOR THE HELP!
Boingity
RIIIIIGHT.
ANYWAY, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.
HE'S A BEAR? WEARS A TIE? PRACTICES LAW?
im tellin a forum admin, ur a@@ is gonna be BANNED!!
UH-HUH.
WHERE ARE YOU...?
?
HEY!


HE'S WRITING SOMETHING IN THE GRAVEL.
HE CAN'T SPEAK?!
HAROLD
"HAROLD?"
IS YOUR NAME "HAROLD?"
FROM THE INSTANT HE TOUCHES ME, I FEEL MY SOUL LEAVING MY BODY.
I'M DYING, AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S KILLING ME.

TO BE CONTINUED